

The Musical World.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1882.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
8d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERT, THIS DAY,
Nov. 17, at Three o'clock. The programme will include Symphony in G minor (Mozart); Pianoforte Concerto, No. 4, in G (Beethoven); Nocturne in B flat (Chopin); first time at Crystal Palace; Pianoforte Solos, "Arabesque" (Schumann), "Valse" (Janotha), Overture, *Oberon* (Weber). Vocalist—Mme Howitz (her first appearance in England). Pianist—Mlle Janotha. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Seats, 2s. 6d., 1s., and 6d.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—17th Season.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.—THE FIRST BALLAD CONCERT, ST JAMES'S HALL, at Eight o'clock. Artists: Miss Mary Davies and Miss Clara Samuel; Mme Antoinette Sterling and Miss Damian; Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Oswald, and Mr Maybrick. Violin—Mme Norman-Néruda. The South London Choral Association of Sixty Voices, under the direction of Mr L. C. Venables. Conductor—MR SIDNEY NAYLOR. Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Family Tickets, to admit Six to Stalls, £2; Area, 4s. and 2s.; Balcony, 3s.; Gallery and Orchestra, 1s. To be had of Austin, St James's Hall; the usual Agents; and Boosey & Co., 295, Regent Street.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.—THE BALLAD CONCERT PROGRAMME will include the following Songs: "Oh, that we two were maying," by Gounod; Clendons' "Good-night," and "Why are you wandering?" (Miss Mary Davies); "Waiting for the King" and "Esmeralda" (Miss Clara Samuel); "The Monk and the Crusader," by Schubert, and "Always together," by Molloy (Mme Antoinette Sterling); "If only," by Marzials, and "To the woods" (Miss Damian); "I'll sing thee songs of Araby," "Thy hand in mine," by Blumenthal, and "Phyllis is my only joy" (Mr Edward Lloyd); "The Romy Lass," by Stephen Adams, and "Tom Tough" (Mr Maybrick); "If doughty deeds," by Sullivan, and "When Vulcan forged" (Mr Oswald). Mme Norman-Néruda will perform Romance in F (Beethoven), Fantaisie Caprice (Vieuxtemps). Miss M. V. White and Mr Sydney Naylor will perform a Pianoforte Duet on South American Airs, arranged by Maud Valerie White. The South London Choral Association will sing six favourite Part Songs. Tickets of Boosey & Co., 295, Regent Street.

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The ANNUAL PERFORMANCE of HANDEL'S Oratorio, "THE MESSIAH," will take place on FRIDAY Evening next, Nov. 24th, at ST JAMES'S HALL, at Eight o'clock. Miss Mary Davies, Miss Jessie Jones, Mme Isabel Fasset, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr W. H. Cummings, Mr Frederic King, Mr Hilton, Principal Violin—Mr J. T. Carrodus. Trumpet—Mr T. Harper. Organist—Dr E. J. Hopkins. The whole of the Area Stalls is reserved for the Subscribers to the Society. Balcony Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved, 5s. and 2s. 6d. Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; Hays, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, and 26, Old Bond Street; and of Mr Austin, Ticket Office, St James's Hall.

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MR KUHE'S BRIGHTON CONCERTS.

Brighton, Nov. 8th.

Mr Kuhe began his twelfth "Brighton Musical Festival" last night with a compliment to native talent, the two chief works in the programme being Mr Arthur Sullivan's sacred musical drama, *The Martyr of Antioch*, and Mr F. H. Cowen's *Scandinavian Symphony*. This was well. A good deal of admirably-meant but mischievous talk goes on now-a-days about supporting English composers, and, finding a market for the novelties they are ever ready to produce. By all means let us do so when both are worthy of patronage; not else. It is needful to discriminate in this matter. An English composer is none the better for his nationality, and a new work is none the more valuable for being new. When, therefore, capital is sought to be made out of patronizing native talent sensible men will want to know what kind of talent it is. Last night there was no doubt at all on this point. Mr Arthur Sullivan, though he has his temporary home on the boards of comic opera, is a musician of whom England feels justified in boasting. He has done things very nearly akin to greatness, while in Mr Cowen we have a young artist consistent in the loftiness of his aim, and justified in his ambition by the ownership of exceptional powers. In honouring two such Englishmen, and devoting to the exposition of their music all his resources, Mr Kuhe could not possibly make a mistake. Those resources, by the way, were worthy in large measure of an occasion that made pretensions to festival rank. It is true that neither chorus nor orchestra was imposing by its magnitude. The space available forbade this; but what quantity lacked quality did a good deal to make up for. Many of our best London instrumentalists, headed by Mr Carrodus, figured in the orchestra, which was quite competent, and the chorus deserved credit as decidedly the best ever associated with Mr Kuhe's festival. Connoisseurs familiar with the resonant voices of the Midland and Yorkshire chorals are particularly struck with the comparative feebleness of these Southerners. But if the Brighton singers cannot make the noise of some others, they can do their work with taste and precision. They did so last night, thereby justifying not only themselves, but their patient and clever trainer, Mr King. As regards the soloists, it suffices to mention the names of Mmes Albani and Trebelli, Messrs E. Lloyd and H. King, in order to show that Mr Kuhe gave Mr Sullivan every chance of gaining rather than losing in the process of interpretation.

Weather was unpropitious, wind and rain having matters all their own way, to the extreme discomfort of everybody. Nevertheless a large audience assembled in the Dome, and seemed in better spirits than it was reasonable to expect. They applauded Mr Kuhe when he came on to conduct the National Anthem, sung to Sir Michael Costa's arrangement; they applauded the patriotic hymn itself, gave the artists a cordial welcome, and reserved a specially hearty cheer for Mr Sullivan, who directed the performance of his own work. Enthusiasm, however, was not very marked while the story of the *Martyr of Antioch* unfolded itself. As a matter of course the principal airs were well received, but it was curious to note the small effect apparently made by the charming lyric choruses with which the work abounds, notwithstanding that they were fairly given. When an audience of Mr Sullivan's work assumes this attitude towards its best feature, the outlook is unpromising. Happily, danger was averted through the success of the solos, which, as delivered by Mme Albani and her colleagues, would have moved to warm demonstration an audience in temperature below zero. The soprano airs, more especially that of the Martyr at the Stake, could not have been better sung, so well did Mme Albani unite technical skill and a fervidness of expression rare amongst English-speaking artists. Mme Trebelli did little with the peculiar and peculiarly beautiful solo, "The Love-sick Maiden," but made her mark in "Io Pean," which was the only number encored during the evening. Mr Lloyd's success in both his songs was a matter of assurance, as it has been everywhere since he "created" the part of Olybius at Leeds, in 1880. His rendering of "Come, Margarita, come," could not easily have been surpassed for the grace and intensity demanded alike by the subject and its musical treatment on his part. Mr King sang with unwonted vigour and skill, and made interesting a character having little interest in itself. Service was also carefully rendered by Mr Albert McGuckin, in the small part of Fabius. Thus admirably equipped as regards its solos, the performance could scarcely fall short of success, and in point of fact it did not, applause at the conclusion being loud and long. The work of band and chorus, however, was not altogether faultless. It lacked sometimes both firmness and precision, when the comparative fewness of the choral voices allowed evidence to appear that each one had not been welded into that unity with the rest which under such conditions is necessary to the best possible result. The ensemble, no doubt, deserved praise, but was capable of much improvement.

Mr Cowen's symphony gave the orchestra a splendid opportunity of showing the whole sum of its excellence. No one can say that the chance was lost, each movement under the guidance of the composer offering points of exceptional executive merit; in fact, the work was clearly set forth, as far as the strength available made that possible, and the audience could nowhere have mistaken the language of the symphony, however much, through the absence of analytical notes, they may have become confused as to its meaning. *Apud* of this matter, sneer as we may at analytical notes—and they are inadequate at best, because words fail in dealing with music—it seems absurd to put a programme work before an audience and not at the same time tell them what the programme is. It would be out of place to discuss once more the merits of Mr Cowen's Scandinavian "Tone Pictures." They are by this time pretty well known, and on all hands there is agreement. The symphony belongs to that which is excellent in art. An idea to this effect pervaded last night's audience, and better rewarded the composer than could any amount of mere conventional applause. The "Hallelujah," from Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, finished the concert, and there only remains to acknowledge the very able and judicious service rendered at the organ by Mr Crapps, whose playing of the solo introductory to the cemetery scene in Mr Sullivan's work was a model of good taste.

Thursday, Nov. 9th.

The work of this festival was resumed yesterday afternoon under the direction of Mr August Manns, in presence of a considerable, though by no means crowded, assemblage of amateurs. It is Mr Kuhe's rule to bring together within one programme a liberal number of classical works for orchestra, in so doing conceding as little as possible to uncultured tastes and appealing to the minority who can appreciate the highest musical good. The plan certainly commends itself much more than any which seeks to gratify all preferences, one excellent result yesterday afternoon being that the performance received from those who heard it a continuous and not a fitful attention. The selection of pieces was comprehensive as well as liberal. True it recognized the existence of no composer before Mozart, whom the overture to *Die Zauberflöte* represented, but after him the choice was wide enough to embrace all schools and illustrate every conspicuous teaching. The overture just named came first in order, followed by Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*, an always safe item with an average audience. This work serves with such an audience by way of a link between Beethoven and a form of composition that for good or evil has come much into vogue. Public taste, less truly artistic than of yore, is disinclined to music unassociated with a programme. It demands that composers shall illustrate rather than create and go outside their art for the sake of a more intelligible interest than any it can present alone. The *Pastoral* was heard with the attention it always commands, notwithstanding a performance by no means worthy, nor even, looking at the individual competence of the executants, such as might have been expected. It would be interesting to know exactly how much time was spent in rehearsal, and, if we assume this as satisfactory, then it would be no less interesting to speculate whether the work suffered because of its familiarity, or because the performers were not accustomed to Mr Manns, whose mode of conducting resembles Sam Weller's knowledge of London, being "extensive and peculiar." In any case there is no escape from blame. An indifferent rendering of the *Pastoral* by London artists should be an absolute impossibility. Following Beethoven's work came a Nocturne for orchestra, specially composed by Mr F. Corder, who conducted its performance. In this piece Mr Corder trusts entirely to the effect of melody and colouring, since the varied forms of accompaniment cannot be called treatment in the strict sense of the term. His two principal themes are contrasted, one consisting of simple rhythmical phrases being given to the "wind," the other a long-drawn subject falling to the violins in octaves. As the colour is laid on after the most approved modern manner, a harp being used of course, there is only one reason why Mr Corder's Nocturne should not pass as a success in its modest way. That reason could hardly be more fatal, since it is based upon the fact that the melodies are quite wanting in distinction, to say nothing of originality. New themes we are not entitled to expect, but when reliance is placed upon them those employed should at least rise above commonplace. Mr Corder's subjects do not so rise, and the discerning among his audience had one more occasion to reflect that even now, when the apparatus of musical utterance has become so complicated and imposing as almost to abolish the need of ideas, it is still requisite for a composer to abjure platitude. Mr Corder is capable of better things than painting over outline drawings of familiar figures; why does he not always keep up to the level of his ability? The Nocturne, like the *Symphony*, was indifferently played, the honour of an effective performance being preserved for a work much more exacting and hardy

more familiar, to wit, Hiller's pianoforte Concerto in F sharp minor. In a mood of good-humoured sarcasm Mendelssohn referred to certain composers as those "who write pieces in F sharp minor." * Human nature finds a strong satisfaction in aiming oblique blows at its friends, but Mendelssohn was not likely to have his old intimate, Hiller, in view the less because the Cologne master's work is one which the shafts of satire are unable to touch. Some connoisseurs who have much to say for their view rank it as Hiller's *chef d'œuvre*, but however this may be, the Concerto in F sharp minor gives genuine cause for regret that its composer is not better known by such representative works. A more masterly piece in the legitimate school of pianoforte music no living writer has given to the world. It combines strength and grace in a remarkable degree, while carrying to its highest development that form of using the pianoforte which recognizes it as a distinctive instrument rather than as a sham orchestra. The solo part was taken by Miss Kuhe, who may frankly be congratulated upon her boldness, since it was justified by success. Her task was no child's play, and serious results would have followed a slip, such as, in works of the modern "Ercles vein," signifies little or nothing. But Miss Kuhe did not slip; she had mastered what she undertook, and if now and then in passage-playing there was the slightest tendency to falter—if, also, some of the cantabile phrases in the slow movement were not touched caressingly enough, these were points rather for hyper-criticism than for ordinary notice. The broad fact is that Miss Kuhe raised her artistic rank materially by a performance upon which all present congratulated her with warmth. The orchestra, as already intimated, appeared to advantage in Hiller's work, and left a satisfactory impression upon the hearer's mind. After the concerto came the *Entracte* in G from Schubert's music to *Rosamunde*, and the *Fandango* for violin and orchestra, in which Mr Carrodus again showed with what sympathy as well as skill he plays the works of his old master, Molique. The *Fandango*, a charming example of its class, could have had no better recommendation than was given to it by our English violinist. The introduction to Act III.—Dance of Apprentices and Procession of Meistersingers—from Wagner's famous and beautiful Nuremberg opera, together with the Hungarian march from Berlioz's *Pastor*, brought the long list of pieces to an end.

Only one vocalist, Miss Ella Lemmens, took part in this concert, and she sang in Brighton for the first time. Her selections were Handel's "From mighty kings" and Rode's "Air with Variations." Of these, the second was better adapted than the first to display the young artist's strength as a light soprano of the florid school. Her rendering of the difficult variations gave marked satisfaction, and rightly, since it showed careful study and excellent training, superadded to uncommon natural gifts. Miss Ella Lemmens is entitled to take courage from her *début* in Brighton.

The rehearsal of Gounod's *Redemption*, last night, was made public, in order to gratify the many amateurs who cannot, for one reason or another, attend on Saturday next. Public rehearsals are, undoubtedly, bad in principle and injurious in practice; but this one may be excused, especially as Mr Randegger, who conducted, does not allow the presence of auditors to interfere with the execution of his duty. Criticism would, of course, be out of place; but we may say that promise of a good performance was abundantly given. The area of the dome was well filled with gratified listeners.

Friday, Nov. 10th.

With Gounod's *Redemption* in his programme, Mr Kuhe was perhaps wise to leave *The Messiah* out of it, since an objection may be entertained at Brighton, if not at Birmingham, to two works upon the same subject. The masterpiece of Handel, and the "Opus Vite Meæ" of the French composer, possess, it is true, nothing in common save their theme, and we have yet to learn whether the novelty will to any serious extent displace that which has stood the assaults of time and change for nearly a century and a half. Meanwhile, *Elijah* has no rival in the domain of dramatic oratorio and stands alone, without the aid of profoundly tragic interest and absorbing significance such as distinguished the story of Calvary. *Elijah*, no doubt, is an heroic figure in Old Testament history, but taking full account even of all that Krummacher has advanced in eulogising the Tishbite, it may be said that Mendelssohn did as much for his hero as his music gains in return. Listening to the oratorio now, and marking its easy spontaneous flow, an amateur might be pardoned for supposing Mendelssohn wrote it as he did his overture to *Ruy Blas*, or Mozart that to *Don Giovanni*. Yet, as every reader of the master's biography knows, *Elijah* is the result of patient toil, and of a courage which shrank not from sacrifice of the gravest kind. Hardly a number stands now as it stood in the

Birmingham score of 1846. The composer dealt with his manuscript mercilessly, but in that artistic spirit which reckons nothing complete so long as a touch is wanting. He cut away, and closed the wound; again he cut away, and filled up the chasm with new matter—nay, he even revised his revise, as in the case of the opening of the second part, which was originally in its present form; then began with a recitative, and then had the recitative removed. Who shall say that the work was not saved for remotest posterity by the devotion which, to so large an extent, re-wrote it; and who will venture to declare that young composers of the present day would not benefit by following the illustrious master's example? As it is they commit themselves to the crudities of first thoughts, and rush into print before their music has been heard, heedless of the fact that what is once given to the world cannot be recalled. The performance of *Elijah* last night, though supported by eminent soloists—than whom, indeed, no better could be found—was far from good. Many of the numbers were taken, or, at any rate, commenced, too slowly, this being especially the case with the overture. The attack was often made like that of modern infantry in skirmishing order, and not seldom a painful uncertainty reigned on the orchestra. Intelligent readers will have no difficulty in divining the source of these shortcomings. At the same time they will hardly feel disposed to blame the conductor for what was really excess of zeal. Mr Kuhe is a clever man, but he is only a man, and it is impossible for him or any one else to bear all the burden of managing this Festival, and also to discharge an artistic task which exacts the undivided attention of a cool, clear head, to say nothing of inborn faculties—unacquirable by ever so much assiduity. No doubt the devotion that makes him captain and pilot in one is encouraged by the indifference of the public to a conductor's responsibilities. This amounts to a general evil. Every man who has mastered the grammar of music is tempted to think himself qualified for discharging the most difficult and delicate of artistic tasks, one demanding not only experience, but, as we have just intimated, qualities that nature must provide for experience to develop. Mr Kuhe's case is, however, one of attempting too much, and it would be well for him to consider how far circumstances admit an arrangement easier to himself and more advantageous to the Festival. As regards the leading soloists, it suffices to mention the names of Mme Albani, Mme Trebelli, Mr Lloyd, and Mr Santley, each of whom achieved a familiar success. With these great favourites were associated some young artists who should have, because they require, more than passing remark. Miss Robertson took the chief soprano music in the first part, including that for the boy, which, by the way, enabled her to make a decided mark. Her expression in the dialogue between the widow and Elijah was hardly sympathetic enough for so intense a situation, but exhibited abundant intelligence, while in the concerted music her bright, fresh voice told with excellent effect. Miss Bertha Moore did useful work as second soprano, and Mr Lucas Williams as second bass, while the little that fell to Mr Hirwen Jones served for the display in a promising manner of an agreeable tenor voice. There remains to speak of Miss Emily Dones, a young lady previously unknown to us, but certain to be often heard in the future. Miss Dones, who has a voice of charming quality, sang "Woe unto them" in a fashion which at once sent many of the audience to their programmes in search of her name. Her method was artistic, her style good, and her expression all that the subject demanded. The recognition of this young singer's merit was prompt, a hearty round of applause following the last note. The Brighton audience, by the way, do not seem to have learned the propriety of waiting till a piece is finished before making noisy demonstrations. Not a few bars of Mendelssohn's music were drowned last night in hand-clapping. Mr Matthew Arnold might call this Philistinism, and not be far wrong.

Saturday, Nov. 11th.

When a man purposes giving a "benefit" concert he naturally takes the course best adopted to secure a full house. It is significant that Mr Kuhe sought to attain this very desirable end last night by providing what is understood as a "popular" programme—one, that is to say, made up of favourite songs and light orchestral pieces. The attendance justified him in what he did for them. There were some empty stalls, but the cheaper seats found plenty of occupants, all disposed to enjoy the feast provided, and by no means unwilling to demonstrate their sentiments. It would be almost treason against art to rest content with the state of public taste thus indicated, and not to hope for a time when the million shall sit enraptured over symphonies and concertos; but as that time is not yet, and not even at hand, practical wisdom suggests that the best should be made of present circumstances. None of us can cram symphonies and concertos down the public throat; if the people will not have them they will not, and there is an end of it. At the same time we need not despair of educating them up to the required point, and one

* "And now the man (Kalkbrenner) is getting sentimental, imitates Hiller, and writes pieces in F sharp minor." (Mendelssohn's *Letters from Paris*.)—D. B.

step in that direction consists in recognizing that there is popular music good, and popular music bad, the first to be accepted, the second to be shunned. Ballads, songs, and dance themes, which the least cultured ear takes in with delight, are not necessarily meet objects of scorn and contempt. The greatest masters have written them, and when excellent of their kind they minister not only to delight but to edification. A man therefore who gives "popular" concerts need not go about with shame of face as though guilty of an unworthy deed. His place among the ministers of art may be humble, but we are hardly in a position to abolish it yet. Mr Kuhe's programme last night contained little or nothing against which it was possible to advance objection, and much to be accepted out of hand. Take the orchestral pieces for example. In good sooth nobody can be other than a gainer by hearing the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, especially when, as on this occasion, it is capably played. That bright, picturesque, and inspiring composition shows how a genuine work of art can appeal to universal perception, and need not be hidden behind the clouds and darkness of abstruse and involved utterance. Weber's *Concertstück* is another case in point, and as this, on the testimony of the composer, has a story attached, we may regret that last night's audience did not enjoy the advantage of knowing what the music was intended to express. Happily, the *Concertstück* can stand alone, without help from a "programme," and it once more gave unfeigned pleasure. Mr Randegger conducted the performance in his usual clear, decisive way, and Mr Kuhe played the solo part in his best manner. Few pianists, it may be, know Weber's piece better than Mr Kuhe, and when a man of his experience takes up that with which he is intimate he has a clear right to respectful attention, with the almost certainty of success. Mr Kuhe was very properly applauded and recalled by his audience. A Slavonian dance in D major, by Dvorak, and a part of the ballet music from Rubinstein's *Feramos* followed in due course, Mr Randegger again conducting, and securing for these examples of Slavonic composition a decided and intelligent, if not very refined, rendering. The strangeness of these pieces of Dvorak's especially told upon their hearers, but we shall all have to familiarize ourselves with the music of the formidable race which artistically as well as politically looms large upon the European horizon. A selection from *Potance*, in which the orchestra was associated with the band of the 4th Royal Dragoon Guards, a Serenata by Tchaikowsky, a Romance for violin (Carrodus) by Svendsen, the Gavotte from *Mignon*, and the March from *Le Prophète* were likewise in Mr Kuhe's liberal programme. If this be our "popular" music, it is clear that we are not in such a bad way after all. The vocal pieces call for only brief remark. Mme Albani's selections were Eckert's *Guillaume d'Orange* and the aria with violin obbligato from *Le Prê aux Clercs*, her festival pieces throughout the autumn. Mme Antoinette Sterling sang a ditty, "Always Together," by Molloy, and Campana's romanza, "Canto d'amore." Mr Lloyd was heard in Blumenthal's well-known ballad, "Thy hand in mine," and Sullivan's "Once Again," while Mr Santley chose "Au bruit des lourds marteaux" and "O ruddier than the cherry." It is needless to state how these familiar things were given, and, indeed, we name them only to show with what discretion a programme intended to improve, while it amuses, can be made up.

Monday, Nov. 13th.

The business of this Festival came to an end on Saturday afternoon with a performance of M. Gounod's *Redemption*. There was an overflowing audience, gathered from all the country round, and influenced by the utmost curiosity as to the latest born of oratorios. So we may expect it to be everywhere till curiosity is satisfied, and then will come the test of permanent life. M. Gounod's name accounts for present crowds; but his genius only must be trusted for crowds in the future. We believe that, as exemplified in the *Redemption*, it will bear the strain, aided by the influence of a theme which is constant in its power, impressive in its solemnity, and instinct with a personal significance to everyone who regards it as more and better than a myth. The performance, directed by Mr Randegger, was satisfactory on the whole, having regard to limited opportunity of rehearsal. M. Gounod's work, simple as it may appear to one who sees it on paper, is really difficult and exacting. Solo vocalists of the highest eminence are not more than capable of meeting its requirements; the orchestra must be numerous and efficient in every department; while a proper rendering of the choral music demands qualities of dramatic and lyric expression precisely in the measure of the pathos and significance of the theme. The work calls for even more than this. Just as, to hear it well, the audience must give themselves up to religious feeling and avoid occupying a purely musical standpoint, so the performers, to do it justice should have their hearts in the work, not as actors playing a part, but as those to whom the events and attendant emotions are real. A performance of the *Redemption*, in fact, should be a religious

exercise in the best sense, for, indeed, the oratorio specially claims a place by the side of Bach's *Passion* as one only heard in perfection amid sacred surroundings. Already we see it announced for performance in a London church, each section of the Trilogy forming part of distinct service. That the *Redemption* will come to be largely used in this legitimate and impressive manner we have not the smallest doubt. Meanwhile, as a piece for the concert room, it will suffer more or less from superficial or, rather, artificial expression, and we must expect the choruses to do so most of all. During the rehearsals for Birmingham M. Gounod laboured long and arduously to infuse into his choral interpreters the sentiments they were called upon to utter. His success, however, was but moderate, and at Brighton no sign of real feeling showed that the executants were in their subject and that their subject was in them. Apart from the higher and truer expression of which such a work is capable, no serious fault could be found. Mr Randegger had utilised his two rehearsals to the utmost, the result being that Brighton amateurs received, on the whole, a just idea as to M. Gounod's purpose and achievement. Of the principal singers four had previously identified themselves with the work. These were Mme Albani, Miss Santley, Mr Lloyd, and Mr Santley, each of whom—it goes without saying—was quite competent to a task at once gracious and familiar. More, they had the music not so much at their fingers' ends as in their hearts, and gave it the just and true expression without which it resembles a soulless body. The fervid singing of Mme Albani in "From thy love as a father," the clear and well-judged delivery of the tenor narrative by Mr Lloyd, and Mr Santley's pathetic utterance of the Divine words were especially noticeable as, in their way, perfect efforts. The contralto solos fell to Mme Trebelli, who gave touching expression to the brief song of the Virgin Mother. Mr Lucas Williams, who took the bass narrative, sometimes sang out of tune, while failing to see that the story should be told without the least approach to demonstrativeness. He who would succeed in this task must take a hint from the simple, unimpassioned, and therefore, having regard to the subject, all the more impressive and pathetic language of the Evangelical narrative. The choruses were fairly rendered though deficient in requisite power, and the work of the orchestra, many of whose members essayed it for the first time, was often satisfactory in a high degree. Mr Randegger's conducting called for approval in various respects. It was clear and decisive, while the *tempi* were, as a rule, well judged, the march, for example, being taken a shade slower than at Birmingham, and thereby having that which is trivial in it toned down.—D. T.

FOUR TIMES MAYOR OF GLOSSOP.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR MR EDITOR,—James Sidebottom, Esq., of Queenwood Gipsy Hill, has been unanimously elected Mayor of Glossop for the fourth time. You will, perhaps, wonder why I give you the information. This gentleman is simply one of the most liberal patrons of music living. He called a meeting of his townsmen, a short time ago, in reference to the Royal College of Music and headed the subscription list with £50. He gave 50 guineas, and an annual subscription of 5 guineas, towards a Cottage Hospital lately erected here; he enlarged the Sunday Schools at the back of where I am now residing at a cost of £1,500; he heard, during one of his attendances at the Crystal Palace, that our cornet player had a very indifferent instrument, and authorized me to pay Mr Arthur Chappell £11 11s. for a new one. He is the president of the Glossop Philharmonic Society, and by his munificence keeps the society going successfully. Many other acts of a similar nature, too numerous to mention, has to be credited to this good and noble gentleman. This is why I have informed you of an almost unprecedented event, viz., that he was elected unanimously, for the fourth time, Mayor of Glossop.—Yours faithfully,

A. J. PHASEY.

Upper Norwood, Nov. 14th, 1882.

MILAN.—Eugenio Merelli, the theatrical manager, died, aged only fifty-six, on the 1st inst., after suffering terribly from a most painful disease—or rather complication of diseases. He was the son of the equally well-known Bartolomeo Merelli, who made a large fortune by giving Italian opera at the Kärntnertheater, Vienna. Eugenio Merelli, though little acquainted with music, possessed excellent judgment, and began by making tours with opera-companies in Italy. In later years he became the *impresario* of Mme Adelina Patti and Mme Christine Nilsson, by whom he made large sums. He subsequently lost most of his fortune in speculations connected with the money-market, though he saved sufficient to keep him above want. He leaves two children.

RICHTER CONCERTS.

Of the five works played at the concert given by Herr Richter, in St James's Hall, on Tuesday night, four rank among the most familiar in a not very extensive repertory. These were the overture to *Euryanthe*, Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, the Introduction to the third act of *Die Meistersinger*, and the Introduction and Finale of *Tristan und Isolde*. It is quite needless to tell how music so often heard at the Richter Concerts was rendered, but silence on this score does not at all imply that its performance was superfluous. The most valuable things in art are those which have passed beyond criticism, and the presentation of which is an event too common for remark. A fact better worth remembering just now would be hard to find. Musical life, at any rate, is not justly determined by creative activity, which may resemble the inordinate appetite often found along with small power of assimilation. We are naturally anxious to encourage production, but a rage for something new, when it begets indifference to that which is old and inexhaustible of good, can be no other than vicious in principle and in effect. Herr Richter evidently believes in going again and again over the same ground. His is no gospel of superficiality—the parent of that non-lucidity against which a philosopher has just raised his voice. Hence he invites us again and again to explore with him the depths of Wagner's few practical pieces for orchestra, and to listen with unwearied ears while Beethoven's most familiar utterances are repeated. It is just this course that teaches, in the best sense of the term, though it may fail to satisfy quidnuncs who think they need no teaching.

The one novelty in Tuesday's programme was that which, a few weeks ago, drew to the Crystal Palace a crowd of amateurs, most of whom, we may take for granted, eagerly welcomed a second hearing of Brahms's Pianoforte Concerto in B flat. We assume this, not because of an impression that there was a desire to revel again in obvious beauty, but because of a shrewd idea that connoisseurs sought to discover whether there was any beauty in which to revel. It is not intended to discuss here whether Brahms was right or wrong in composing four movements instead of three, or whether he kept in view executive display. These are questions of externals—mere husks and parings, which a man throws aside who is anxious to reach the core. There should be no desire to tie any composer down to a given form for that form's sake. Let him be "fully persuaded in his own mind," and adopt any other, of course, on his own responsibility; and let him be judged by the result, not by his temerity. The real question is whether in Brahms's new work we have the Beautiful, and therefore the Good—for, as M. Gounod has lately said, "the Beautiful and the Good are consubstantial." It is impossible to reply with an absolute negative or affirmative, since the Concerto illustrates the tendency to exaggerate which drives truth into the arms of error. That the power of musical beauty lies with Brahms no just mind will venture to deny. It has been proved again and again, yet as often, perhaps, have connoisseurs detected a "little rift within the lute"—a tendency, that is, to structural elaboration not demanded for an expression of the indwelling spirit. Passages even in the *German Requiem* are disfigured by this superfluity of means, and they so abound in the Concerto that those who follow the essential lines of the work are continually brought up by involutions and convolutions that either excite wonder or encourage indifference according to temperament. Herein Brahms resembles the man who seeks to irrigate a tract of land with insufficient water. There are dry and arid wastes between the channels for which his inspiration is sufficient, and these he works with painful toil in the vain hope of making something grow against the laws of nature. It is curious to observe how the extreme of such labour touches the extreme of that wherein the old contrapuntists revelled. We talk sometimes with the superiority attendant upon, if not becoming to, modern light, about the dry, formal, almost mathematical work of the periwig school, but much that is turned out of hand by the present dishevelled *cultus* is equally dry and, in its way, as formal, the only difference being that it is not mathematical and proves nothing; not symmetrical, and, therefore, satisfies no sense. The aridity of the old masters was at least that of a ploughed field, and showed that somebody with an eye had been at work there. Brahms's Concerto must, we fear, be regarded as "patchy" in a very grave sense of the term. In every movement there are the shavings of genius, and bright manifestations of beauty either in form or spirit; but these are divided by dark bands of laboured music tending to confusion—music not recognized by the inner perception which, in all such cases, forms the court of ultimate appeal. There is a school of theology known as the "high and dry." We want no such thing in our art outside the confessed domain of scholastic exercises, however it may be supported by metaphysical considerations. The business of abstract music is to be beautiful, and through the varied expression of beauty to excite pleasurable

emotions. Whatever seeks to do more, or stops at less, fails. Brahms, on his part, has mixed the beautiful with the ugly, the orderly with the irregular, the intelligible with that which evades comprehension, the purposeful with that which seems to have no aim. In short, he has out-written himself, and in attempting a lengthy oracle did not first take stock of his afflatus. The performance, like all given under Herr Richter's direction, was excellent in intention and praiseworthy in result. Especially may Mr Dannreuther be congratulated upon playing the solo with skill and correctness. He had an unthankful task, since the effect of the pianoforte part is by no means proportioned to its great difficulty; but he achieved it with characteristic enthusiasm, and earned far more applause than an audience lacking enthusiasm were disposed to give.—D. T.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The following is the programme of music given at the fortnightly meeting of professors and students on Saturday, November 11:—

Sonata, in F minor, No. 4, organ (Gustav Merkel), Mr Edwin Drewett, pupil of Dr Steggall; Song, "Zuleika," No. 1 (Mendelssohn)—(accompanist, Mr Charles Reddie)—Miss Kate McKrill, pupil of Mr Benson; Allegro Moderato, from MS Sonata in G, pianoforte (Annie Daymond, student), Miss Annie Daymond, pupil of Dr Steggall and Mr H. R. Eyers; Song, "The Carrier Dove" (Frederic H. Cowen)—(accompanist, Miss Alexandra Ehrenberg)—Miss Dicksee, pupil of Mr Randegger; Allegro, from Sonata in E flat, pianoforte (Haydn), Miss Hann, pupil of Mr Walter Fitton; Song (MS.), "Love Song" (Mary C. Gillington, student)—(accompanist, Mr H. R. A. Robinson)—Mr Arthur Thomson, pupil of Mr Davenport and Mr W. H. Cummings; Introduction and Polonaise, Op. 19, pianoforte and violoncello (F. Chopin), Miss Knight—pupil of Mr Brinley Richards, and Mr Hambleton—pupil of Mr Pezze; Prelude and Fugue, in F minor, Op. 35, No. 5, pianoforte (Mendelssohn), Mr Gwyn, pupil of Mr S. Kemp; Recitativo, "Ditemi buona Gente," e Canzonetta, "Fanciulle che il core," *Dinorah* (Meyerbeer)—(accompanist, Miss E. Bull)—Miss Eleanor Rees, pupil of Mr Shakespeare; Organ Fugue, in G minor (J. S. Bach, arranged for the pianoforte by Franz Liszt), Miss Evelyn Green, pupil of Mr Harold Thomas; Tema con Variazioni, in E, Op. 31 (Sterndale Bennett), and Gavotte, in A flat minor, Op. 14 (Giovanni Sgambati), pianoforte, Miss E. Yeatman, pupil of Mr Arthur O'Leary; Song, "To Chloe in Sickness" (Sterndale Bennett)—(accompanist, Mr H. R. A. Robinson)—Miss Edith Ray, pupil of Mr Wallworth; Allegro Moderato, from MS. Sonata in E flat, pianoforte (Dora Bright, student), Miss Dora Bright, pupil of Mr Prout and Mr Walter Macfarren; Song, "He roamed in the Forest" (Arthur O'Leary)—(accompanist, Miss Susanna Fenn)—Miss Collins, pupil of Mr Fiori; Des Abends, No. 1, from Phantasiestücke (Schumann), and Study in B, No. 22 (Gradus ad Parnassum), (Clementi), pianoforte, Miss Dora Turner, pupil of Sir Julius Benedict; Song, "The Legend of the Crossbill" (Rowland Briant, student)—(accompanist, Mr Briant)—Miss Ada Iggulden, pupil of Mr Prout and Mr Fiori; Sonata, in E minor, pianoforte (Edouard Grieg), Mr Ernest Kiver, pupil of Mr Wingham.

On Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 15, Mr R. H. M. Bosanquet gave a lecture "On the Combination of Simple Vibrations."

A Chamber Concert will be given in the Academy concert room this (Saturday) evening, November 18.

CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.—A man, age about 36, height, 5ft. 6in., complexion fair, hair, moustache and whiskers (slight) brown; shaved on chin; eyes dark and searching; slight build; dress, dark coat and vest, grey trousers; gentlemanly appearance, is in the habit of calling on organists, and other members of the musical profession; invariably representing himself to be the son or nephew of some well-known organist or organ-builder, and, that he is at the present time, either an organist of Liverpool, or of Montreal Cathedral, Canada. During the temporary absence of the person he calls upon, he abstracts whatever valuable article may be to hand; and under the pretence of having lost his purse, obtains an advance of money. He also states that he has had a letter of introduction from some well-known man in the musical world; but has unfortunately lost it. Any information respecting this man will be gladly received by The Director of Criminal Investigation, Great Scotland Yard.

"SE NON È VERO, È MAL TROVATO."—According to various Paris papers, discipline at the Grand Opera is at an exceedingly low ebb. The members of the chorus and ballet, we are informed, chat with each other when on the stage, and, at a recent performance of *Les Huguenots*, one of the Noblemen whiled away the time during the banquet-scene by perusing the *Figaro*.

CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 709.)

Nor was the success a mere momentary affair, for two hundred performances scarcely sufficed to satisfy the public curiosity. Then, after France, other countries, headed by Germany, welcomed the work with marked favour. It is also as well to remark that in Germany, more faithful than ourselves to Cherubini's memory and glory, *Les Deux Journées* has never since ceased to be a stock piece in the great lyric theatres, where it was entitled *Der Wasserträger* (*The Water Carrier*), and where it continues to be constantly performed, as does also *Médée*. After Germany, Italy also wanted to appropriate *Les Deux Journées*, but the reader will see from the following lines what reasons were opposed to its success there :

"The opera of *Les Deux Journées*, the success of which was so brilliant and so long kept up in Paris, was transported to Naples and performed at the grand theatre by the first artists. Book and music were alike failures. Two causes are assigned for this : the first, that the exceedingly beautiful music which Cherubini composed for the work is thoroughly dramatic, and not full enough of melody for Italy, though much more tuneful than that of the other operas by him. The second is that the Neapolitans, though also emerging from the horrors of civil troubles, understood nothing of the picture representing the troubles of our Fronde; that the exhibition of strange manners did not interest them; and, lastly, that the character of the principal personage, the Water Carrier, produced no effect on them, because his occupation and the implements employed for it are entirely unknown in Naples."†

With regard to France, there is one fact which is somewhat unusual, and, therefore, worth mentioning, namely: the agreement which existed in connection with *Les Deux Journées*, between the opinion of artists and that of the public. The public, without being able to analyse their sensations, instinctively felt themselves in presence of a superior work, full of nobleness and grandeur, and without more ado submitted to its ascendancy; musicians, for their part, rendered justice to the powerful work, and being able to estimate its beauties and go back to their source, some of them thought fit to publish the result of the conscientious analysis to which they had devoted themselves. Thus I find in a class à part, *Les Tablettes de Polymnie*, then under the direction of that excellent professor, Alexis de Garaudé, the subjoined interesting article. At the time the article was published ten years had elapsed since *Les Deux Journées* first appeared, and the work was still in full possession of public favour.

"The most honourable and most flattering prize a musician can gain," says the writer, "is to enjoy the approbation of all the artists of Europe, and force even his rivals to admiration and praise. M. Cherubini obtained that prize, when he published the score of *Les Deux Journées*. That learned production put him for ever in the first place as a composer. All that is indispensable to form a whole approaching perfection may be found in this work : a learned method, broad execution, a pure style, a fine ordonnance, justness of expression, and nobleness and richness in the accompaniments, which, from the way in which they are conceived, always leave the first place to the melody—all things contribute to render this composition both classical for study and satisfactory for effect.

"The first act is remarkable for three pieces full of spirit and most finely conceived : the trio of Mikeli, Armand, and Constance, 'O mon libérateur !' which charms simultaneously the heart and ear, and leaves in the spectator's soul the pure and touching joy produced by the recollection of a noble action; the fine duet between Constance and Armand : 'Non, dût-il m'en coûter la vie,' a model of noble and pathetic style, presenting every moment the idea of that *grandioso* which painters with justice esteem so highly. We hardly suspect that there are any accompaniments to this charming duet, with such art are they managed and so analogous are they to the spirit of the melody which characterizes it. The *finale* of the first act is a masterpiece of art; the orchestra supplies a motive,

but the latter takes nothing from the melody. It belongs exclusively to the style of an accompaniment, to the secondary accent of expression which embellishes a figure without concealing any of its features. The melody is always uppermost, and is of an admirable sort, being produced by Antonio's gratitude on again seeing Armand, his old benefactor. After the first motive we have a second, which is of the descriptive kind. As this kind permits of greater liberty in the employment of orchestral details, the motive is treated with the most exquisite taste, but, despite all the riches exhibited in the fine accompaniments which adorn it, the singers are always at their ease, while, as their conversation is so well heard, the orchestra seems to be speaking only 'aside,' and to be placed there merely to applaud the projects which the personages entertain. This *finale* ends with an invocation to Providence, which produces the grandest effect, and in which all the resources of superb harmony back up the enthusiasm of the highly touching and well-conducted scene.

"The second and the third act offer us only concerted pieces, in which the action dominates everything else; it is here we should admire the composer's dramatic genius. Thanks to the surprising resources he has derived from his art, Cherubini has here succeeded in putting so much variety, so much energy, and so much clearness of expression into the accompaniments, that the hearer, always satisfied and enchanted, advances with the dramatic action from scene to scene, without feeling the want of airs to afford him a rest or to divert him. Fancy sustaining two entire acts in this manner, without allowing the action to flag for a moment ! We confess it is an effort of genius we cannot too much admire. The author was sailing on a sea bristling with rocks and full of breakers; he succeeded in avoiding all of them, by inspiring, so to speak, his crew with all the gaiety, confidence, and feeling of security which he was far from sharing himself when he ordered the manœuvres. He has proved that genius can conquer anything except ignorance and envy."‡

(To be continued.)

A THOUGHT ON SKATING.*

Vivante.

The morn is crisp, the trees look gaunt and bare,
And Nature's face is pale with hoary frost ;
The young folk ruddy look, the old with care
Sit close around the fire in reverie lost.

The wintry winds have clasped the earth so firm,
As if 'twere made of iron or other metal base ;
The lakes and ponds and every tiny burn
Are frozen o'er, likewise the swift mill race.

Far in the distance roam from shore to shore
Of one large lake fair forms and faces gay,
Their laughter echoing down the woody gore,
While on their skates from side to side they sway.

Change time.

With faces smiling, and the ringing skate,
Which music-like keeps time with movements graceful,
Al fresco very such a pretty fête,
I would happy be if nothing were more hateful.

Old tune.

They cross, re-cross, and wander to and fro
In endless happiness, their time their own ;
The healthful pastime bringing forth a glow
Lent now by nature, but a hard made loan.

Con espressione.

For look within ! close to the fire so bright
Sit those we love, who linger now on earth ;
Alas ! too soon to vanish from our sight,
Dear ones we've doated on from birth.

Con molto ez.

As those now skating up and down the lake
With speed so swift and heedless of all care ;
So is our life for ever linked with fate,
We realize it not till death is there.

* Copyright.

H. T. ARRCOLL.

HANOVER.—The iron curtain at the Theatre Royal does not seem to be held in much esteem by the police authorities, for they have ordered the manager not to use it any more, and, to make sure of his obeying, have had it fixed so as to be immovable.

‡ *Les Tablettes de Polymnie*, August, 1810,

† *Année théâtrale* for the Year X., pp. 259, 260.—Some years later, an Italian author modified the libretto of *Les Deux Journées*, and Mayr set it to music, the result being one of the best things he ever did. His score was not, however, as good as Cherubini's, if we are to believe Herold, who was a competent judge. I found in the diary in which Herold entered all his impressions during his travels in Italy, the following lines concerning Mayr's production :—" *Le Due Giornate*, by Mayr, which they are performing at the little Nuovo theatre " (Bologna), " is a fine work . . . especially for any one who does not know Cherubini's opera."

ST JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

TWENTY-FIFTH SEASON, 1882-83.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE ELEVENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 20, 1882,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Quartet, in D major, Op. 23, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello (Dvorak), first time—Mr Charles Hallé, Mdme Norman-Néruda, M.M. Straus and Piatti; Air, "Zeffiretti lusinghieri" (Mozart)—Miss Santley; Sonata, in A major, Op. 140, for pianoforte alone (Schubert)—Mr Charles Hallé.

PART II.—Sonata, in D major, for violin and pianoforte (Handel)—Mdme Norman-Néruda and Mr Charles Hallé; Song, "Connais-tu le pays" (Gounod)—Miss Santley; Quartet, in E flat, Op. 71, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Haydn)—Mdme Norman-Néruda, M.M. L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZEBINI.

THIS (SATURDAY) AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 18, 1882,

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Quintet, in F minor, Op. 34, for pianoforte, two violins, viola, and violoncello (Brahms)—Mr Charles Hallé, Mdme Norman-Néruda, M.M. L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti; New Song, "Hymn to God the Father" (Piatti)—Mr Santley; Sonata, in E flat, Op. 31, No. 3, for pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—Mr Charles Hallé; Prelude, Romance, and Scherzo, Op. 27, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment, by desire (Franz Ries)—Mdme Norman-Néruda; Song, "Le nom de Marie" (Gounod)—Mr Santley; Trio, in G major, Op. 9, No. 1, for violin, viola, and violoncello (Beethoven)—Mdme Norman-Néruda, M.M. Straus and Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZEBINI.

DEATH.

On November 11th, at 96, Gloucester Place, Portman Square, GEORGE ROSE, M.A., (Arthur Sketchley), in his 66th year.—R. I. P.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GARNISH OF THE MOUNT.—Sir Petipace is still hovering at the hostelry, Miles of Malvern (which is now all snow—mere snow) being indisposed and laid up in sheets. Petipace, in sheets of another kind, pines piteously. Miles was smitten through either rib by an approved knight. Song as pretty as the "lay" to which it is wedded, but the setting of the final stanza is a mistake to justify Wagner.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1882.

CONCERTS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Concerts are becoming more and more numerous as the winter season advances; but little novelty of any great significance has hitherto marked their progress. The first appearance for the season (much earlier than usual) of Herr Joseph Joachim at the head of the stringed quartet (on the 3rd of next month) will, as usual, give a fresh impetus to the Popular Concerts in St James's Hall. There is a spell in the name of this unrivalled artist which, year after year, only seems to strengthen. Meanwhile, much curiosity awaits the first performance of Anton Dvorak's pianoforte quartet in D major, which, hitherto unknown to Mr Arthur Chappell's patrons, enjoys the advantage of being introduced by Mr Charles Hallé. The quartet is an early work, but will be heard with not less interest on that account. With the best of good feeling, Herr Hans Richter has given two concerts in St James's Hall, the profits of which are intended to recoup, as far as possible, the losses sustained by members of the orchestra during the unfortunate series of performances at

Drury Lane Theatre. Herr Richter had the same orchestra, or, at least, one in every way as efficient both in numbers and mechanical proficiency. On each occasion the hall was full (on the second, crammed), and the great Viennese conductor was hailed with acclamations. His programmes were much of the same calibre and proportions as before, the only features that could be pronounced *quasi* "novelties" being the second pianoforte concerto of Johannes Brahms (played by Mr Edward Dannreuther), the orchestral prelude to Wagner's *Parsifal*, and the "Serenade" in G by Mr C. Villiers Stanford. These have been already heard and commented upon. The symphonies were both by Beethoven—the *Eroica* (No. 3) and C minor (No. 5). It is to be hoped, for more than one reason, that the concerts may have answered the purpose for which they were so generously undertaken by Herr Richter. But why should he be content with so little? Explain and oblige your constant reader,

T. A. WHEELS (M.D.).

Axminster, Nov. 14th.

[Let Dr Wheels draw upon his own imagination. We ask for no more.—Dr Bridge.]

PAULINE LUCCA SPEAKS.

To hear Pauline Lucca talk about her art is not uninteresting. In reply to the remark made by a visitor that Wagner's compositions spoil the best voices, she said: "That is all empty prattle-prattle. Neither Wagner nor any other composer spoils the voice of anyone who knows how to sing. Our vocalists, male and female, think now-a-days that if they study a year they are finished artists, and can sing before a large public. Six years of industrious application are needed to develop the voice according to all the rules of art. Only let our singers work away for their six years, and then diligently practise their scales—as I still do, to the great astonishment of our Vienna *Capellmeister*, Hans Richter, whom I so highly esteem, despite all our skirmishings—and then we shall have singers able to sing not merely Wagner, but correctly as well." Perhaps our singers will lay to heart these words of a vocalist who is so universal a favourite. In answer to the observation that she would certainly earn our deepest thanks if she would publish the result of her rich experience as to how a voice should be treated and what studies were requisite before natural gifts were of any value, she said: "I mean to do so, but not as you, perhaps, fancy: with pen and ink. When I feel that it's all over with my voice I shall accept a place in the Vienna Conservatory, and, as a singing-mistress, form voices as I think they ought to be formed. But, before becoming a Professress, I hope to be able to sing a few times more." We hope so, too.—*Signale*.

THE accomplished pianist, Mdme Montigny-Rémaury, has been prevented by illness from going to St. Petersburg for the purpose of taking part in the first of the series of concerts under the direction of Rubinstein. She is, however, at present much better, and will play at the concert of the Château d'Eau, Paris, on the 26th inst.

MR ARTHUR O'LEARY will read his lecture on "Sir Sterndale Bennett; his Life and Works" at Sherborne on Thursday, November the 23rd. Miss G. Howes, a young and promising soprano, will sing two of the composer's charming songs on the occasion, viz.: "To Chloe," and "May dew." Mr and Mrs Regan and other artists will also assist.

MR J. CLIPPENDALE announces a concert at Morley Hall, Hackney, on Monday, Dec. 4, under the patronage of the Lord Bishop of Bedford and Mrs Walsham How, in aid of the Tower, Schools, and Vicarage funds of St Michael and All Saints' Church, London Fields, Hackney. The singers will be Mdme Howitz, Mdme Patey, and Mr Edward Lloyd. Solos on the harp will be performed by Mr John Thomas, and Sir Julius Benedict's arrangement of his own *Andante*, and Chopin's *Posthumous Mazurka*, for four performers on two pianofortes, will be played by Miss Homer, Mrs Clippendale, Lady Benedict and Sir Julius Benedict. Lady Benedict and Mrs Clippendale will also play Mendelssohn's "Allegro Brillante," as well as Sir Julius Benedict's duet on airs from *Der Freischütz*, for two performers on one pianoforte.

GOUNOD ON MOZART'S *DON JUAN*.

At the annual sitting of the Five Academies in Paris, the composer of *Faust* and *The Redemption* thus unburdened himself on the subject of Mozart and the lyrico-dramatic masterpiece for all time :—

C'était au mois de janvier de l'année 1832. Dans l'admirable troupe musicale qui défrayait, à cette époque, les représentations du Théâtre-Italien brillaient les noms, demeurés illustres, des Malibran, des Grisi, des Rubini, des Lablache, des Tamburini, et une foule d'autres, concourant à un ensemble d'exécution tel qu'il s'en rencontre rarement au théâtre.

J'avais alors treize ans et demi : je faisais mes études au lycée Saint-Louis, et j'avais eu l'honneur (car l'enfance a le sien) de faire partie du fameux banquet scolaire qu'on nomme la Saint-Charlemagne, honneur qui entraînait un de ces congés de surrogation appelés, en termes de collège, des *sorties de faveur*.

J'aimais passionnément la musique, et ma mère, qui savait bien que nulle récompense de mon travail ne pourrait me causer plus de joie que celle-là, m'annonça qu'elle me conduirait, le soir même, entendre *Don Juan* aux Italiens.

Ce fut pour moi un tel tressaillement de bonheur que j'en perdis le boire et le manger. Ce que voyant, ma mère me dit : "Tu sais que, si tu ne manges pas, tu n'iras pas au théâtre !" Devant une pareille menace, j'aurais englouti héroïquement tout ce qu'on aurait voulu.

Je dînai donc avec une obéissance exemplaire, et nous voilà partis, ma mère et moi, pour la Terre-Promise ! Il me sembla que j'allais pénétrer dans un sanctuaire.

En effet, à peine étions-nous entrés dans la salle que je me sentis enveloppé d'une sorte de terreur sacrée, comme à l'approche de quelque mystère imposant et redoutable ; j'éprouvais, tout ensemble, dans une émotion confuse et jusqu'alors inconnue, le désir et la crainte de ce qui allait se passer devant moi.

Nous étions dans une loge du quatrième étage ; les modiques ressources de ma mère, qui travaillait pour subvenir à l'éducation de ses enfants, n'avaient pas permis de prétendre à des places plus coûteuses ; mais, comme nous étions arrivés de bonne heure, nous fûmes placés sur le devant de la loge, à titre de premiers occupants.

Il fallut attendre assez longtemps avant que le spectacle commençât, mais le temps ne me durait pas ; cette salle de théâtre, ce lustre, tout cet appareil grandiose, étaient déjà pour moi un éblouissement. Enfin, on frappe les trois coups sacramentels ; le chef d'orchestre lève son archet, un religieux silence règne dans la salle et l'ouverture commence.

Je renonce à décrire ce que je ressentis dès les premiers accords de ce sublime et terrible prologue. Comment le pourrais-je, lorsqu'aujourd'hui encore, après cinquante ans d'une admiration toujours croissante, mon cœur tressaille d'y penser et ma main tremble de l'écrire ? . . . Tout ce que je me rappelle, c'est qu'il me sembla qu'un dieu me parlait ; je tombai dans une sorte de prostration douloureusement délicieuse, et, à demi suffoqué par l'émotion : "Ah ! maman !" m'écriai-je, "ça c'est la Musique !" J'étais littéralement éperdu.

O divin Mozart ! as-tu donc reposé sur le sein de la Beauté infinie, comme autrefois le disciple bien-aimé sur la poitrine du Sauveur, pour y puiser à torrents cette grâce incomparable qui marque les grands privilégiés ? Ton berceau a-t-il entendu, lui aussi, cette parole qui descendit d'en haut sur l'Homme-Dieu transfiguré : "Celui-ci est mon Fils bien-aimé en qui j'ai mis toutes mes complaisances ; écoutez-le !" Oh ! oui, toutes ses complaisances ! Car le Ciel prodigue t'avait tout donné, la grâce et la force, l'abondance et la sobriété, la spontanéité lumineuse et la tendresse ardente, dans cet équilibre parfait qui constitue l'irrésistible puissance du *charme* et qui a fait de toi le musicien par excellence, plus que le premier, le seul ! . . . Mozart !

Eh ! qui donc a parcouru, comme toi, cette échelle immense des passions humaines ? Qui donc a touché les limites extrêmes avec cette sûreté infaillible, également armée contre les mièvreries de la fausse élégance et les brutalités de la force mensongère ? Qui donc a su, comme toi, faire passer l'angoisse et l'épouvante à travers les formes les plus pures et les plus inaltérées ?

Don Juan ! Tout un monde humain !—la noble femme outragée et vengeresse—la fille palpitante sur le cadavre de son vieux père assassiné—le grand seigneur, libertin jusqu'au cynisme et audacieux jusqu'à l'injure devant la Justice divine—l'épouse rebulée et bafouée—la paysanne fascinée par la galanterie—la servilité d'un valet poltron et superstitieux—enfin cette figure tragique de la Statue du Commandeur dont les accents terribles vous glaçant jusqu'aux moelles—tout ! Mozart a excéllé dans tout, et le sublime semble lui être aussi familier que le comique.

Mozart disait de *Don Juan* qu'il l'avait composé pour lui et deux ou trois amis. Paroles profondes sous les dehors d'une ambition

modeste ! C'est que l'intimité est la quintessence de la vie : c'est le tabernacle de tous les grands recueils, l'amitié, l'amour, le génie (cette forme particulière de l'extase) : l'intimité, c'est le face-à-face avec les confidences du divin. Aussi l'avenir a-t-il multiplié les deux ou trois amis de *Don Juan* comme les étoiles du ciel et les sables de la mer.

Ah ! jeunes gens, qui repoussez et redoutez la doctrine des maîtres comme un joug humiliant pour votre individualité ombrageuse, et qui vous jetez à la remorque du premier charlatan venu ! véritables *bolides*, livrés à l'influence de tous les foyers d'attraction qui traversent l'espace ! je vous connais, et je sais ce que vous voulez. Vous visez à l'effet, comme on vise à l'esprit. Ce n'est pas votre *Art* qui vous possède ; c'est votre *Moi* : vous vous souciez bien moins d'être que de paraître ; vous pensez à vous, et vous vous cherchez avec une passion qui n'est que le cauchemar de votre propre succès.

Eh bien, vous ne vous trouverez pas ; car, "qui se cherche se perdra ; et qui se renonce se retrouvera." Qui placera sa force et sa joie dans le succès trouvera sa faiblesse et son découragement dans un échec. L'amour-propre est un suicide ! C'est une méprise proportionnée à la quantité de lumière et de générosité qui est la véritable vie de l'amour, et dont il a besoin pour être pleinement satisfait.

Or, de même que l'amour, le génie est, avant tout, l'abnégation. Les lois du Beau sont les mêmes que celles du Bien ; car le Beau et le Bien, consubstantiels dans leur essence absolue, ne se distinguent entre eux, comme pour nous, que par leurs propriétés respectives et par leurs relations spéciales avec les diverses facultés de notre entendement dans lequel leur rayon unique se *réfrange*, en quelque sorte, comme dans un prisme intellectuel ; et c'est pourquoi, dans la valeur esthétique d'une œuvre d'art, aussi bien que dans la valeur d'un acte moral, il entre pour le moins autant de ce qu'on s'y interdit que de ce qu'on s'y permet. Le génie, c'est toujours la *personnalité*, sans doute, mais *s'oubliant elle-même* et s'élevant ainsi jusqu'à l'expression de l'Humanité tout entière, c'est-à-dire jusqu'à la plus haute *impersonnalité*.

Revenons à *Don Juan*.

Messieurs, je devrai forcément renoncer à une analyse détaillée, sous peine de donner à cette lecture des proportions qui risqueraient fort de ne plus intéresser que moi seul, et je ne pourrai guère que signaler à la hâte quelques-uns de ces morceaux qui, tous, sont des merveilles.

Et d'abord, l'ouverture. Quelle entrée en matière que ce grave et majestueux début, emprunté au lugubre tête-à-tête du coupable et de l'Homme de pierre ! Comme le rythme solennel qui soutient ces harmonies funèbres exprime éloquentement et tranquillement le poids de cette justice divine "parfois tardive" dont parle Plutarque, et dont Tertullien disait qu'elle est "patiente parce qu'elle a l'éternité pour elle !"

Quelle philosophie profonde dans cette intuition immédiate du pur génie, intuition consciente ou non, peu importe, mais, selon la grande parole de Bossuet, "illumination soudaine de la Raison," plus sûre mille fois que les pénibles et fatigantes élucubrations d'un éminent et prétentieux *transcendentalisme* ! Qu'il est écrasant ! Qu'il est effrayant ! cet Homme de pierre qui s'avance d'un pas monotone et implacable comme la fatalité ! il ressemble au grondement sourd d'un océan qui monte et qui va tout submerger ; à lui seul cet Homme est un déluge !

Mais les avertissements du Ciel ne sont point écoutés. Et voici que, soudain, des rythmes d'une jeunesse impétueuse, affolée de plaisir, haletante de débauche, impatient du joug et du frein, nous lancent en plein vertige dans un *allegro*, qui déborde d'entraînement et de verve fouguese.

Quelle énergie svelte et impudente à la fois ! quelle élégance dans ce dévergondage d'impie et de corrompu ! Que d'insouciance hautaine dans ce voluptueux spadassin qui rira et boira et chantera jusque devant la mort ! Quelle sonorité mutine et pétillante après toutes ces terreurs ! Le drame est déjà tout entier dans cette prodigieuse ouverture qui fut écrite dans une nuit : nuit féconde, dont on aurait pu dire, comme l'écrivain sacré prophétisant celle de la naissance de l'Enfant-Dieu : *Non sicut dies illuminabitur* ! cette nuit sera lumineuse comme le jour !

CH. GOUNOD.

(To be continued.)

MUNICH.—A probably unique specimen of the genus : literary man, is now stopping here. This is Baron Winzingerode, a hale and hearty patriarch of 87, who for sixty years of his life has been engaged, at his lonely ancestral home in Thuringia, writing a work on the history of music. Among his luggage is a monster trunk, wherein, carefully packed, is the voluminous MS. for which he is seeking a publisher and which, when printed, will make some 40 volumes.

CONCERTS.

THE POPULAR CONCERTS.—Abundant interest, if no novelty, distinguished the concert given on Monday last, and, though the hall was but moderately full, the gratification of those present could hardly have been other than complete. To some extent, the first work in the programme—Mozart's Quartet in D (No. 7)—accounts for this, being, as all amateurs know, a splendid example of the great musician's clearest and most graceful writing. For admiration of, and interest in it, no one requires to be told that the work gained from Frederick of Prussia a gold snuff-box full of the coins bearing his name. The fact is really more significant as regards the monarch than the music, because showing that he could appreciate a good thing which, however, needed no Royal patronage by way of passport to distinction. In the hands of Madame Neruda, MM Ries, Hollander, and Piatti, Mozart's music was of course safe. The second quartet—Haydn's in C. (Op. 33)—came at the end, and, as a merry example of the old master's unfailing humour, gained a cordial welcome. Such cheery strains as these might "appease the fiend of melancholy Saul," or restore the equilibrium of a mind and temper disordered by a course of Wagnerism, which would be a far more remarkable achievement. Hearing them, amateurs think of the first day of spring, that, according to one of our own poets, "wipes from the heavens all unseemly stains," and bless their stars for old Haydn, the master of ever fresh, genial, and natural expression, based upon consummate art. Mlle Janotha's solo on this occasion was Chopin's Sonata in B minor, but she also joined Signor Piatti in performing Nos. 1, 2, and 4 of Schumann's "Stücke im Volkston." Her success with the sonata was immense, the audience recalling her twice. In acknowledgment, Mlle Janotha played the same master's Berceuse. Like honours rewarded a capital rendering of Schumann's Stücke, the second being specially applauded. How much the superb execution of the *facile princeps* of cellists contributed to this result is easily imagined. Mr Harper Kearton was the vocalist, and sang Mendelssohn's "Stormy Spring" so as to obtain a recall.—D. T.

A PERFORMANCE of Handel's *Jephtha* was given by the Brixton Choral Society, in the Gresham Hall, on Monday evening, under the direction of Mr William Lemare. Always enterprising, and prompt to take up with novelty, the managers, in this instance, found it profitable to work the old and inexhaustible Handelian mine. They had a room crowded with local amateurs, who followed the painful story of the Jewish chieftain's "unnatural sacrifice" with continuous interest, and were quick to perceive and applaud whatever in the execution seemed worthy. The performance benefitted much by the manner in which the principal characters were represented. On this point it says no little for English executive art that a suburban concert of modest pretensions should be able to command the very satisfactory talent here shown. Mme Clara Suter and Miss Marian Burton, as the soprano and contralto respectively, sang with genuine feeling, each deserving special praise, moreover, for so enunciating the text as to make books of the words superfluous—an example which we should like to see followed by artists of higher standing. Mr Alfred Kenningham distinguished himself as Jephtha, singing all the important music of that part with taste and skill, if not with the requisite measure of dramatic power. His rendering of "Waft her, angels" fully deserved the liberal applause it received. As for the bass solos, they could not be other than safe in the hands of an artist so experienced as Mr Lewis Thomas, whose fine voice, in admirable order, was heard to much advantage. Mr Thomas's singing of "Freedom now once more possessing" was a capital exemplification of what is meant by a Handelian style. The general performance of the oratorio fell much below expectation, and disposed us to conclude that it had been rashly ventured. Even the choral singing presented many and grave faults. It lacked precision, and was generally poor in quality. The most serious shortcomings were, however, in the orchestra. We are glad to find Mr Lemare gathering up the instrumental talent of the district; but, judging by Monday's work, it needs a deal of nursing yet. Especially should the conductor, before giving another concert, teach his violins to travel together along the right path, and his flautist, who twice broke down at a simple passage in "Tune the soft melodious lute," to learn the value of his notes. These observations are not intended to be harsh, they are inevitable, if criticism do its duty. Neither do we "despise the day of small things." There is musical spirit in Brixton, and the southern suburb will be more favourably heard of by-and-by.—D. T.

MR WALTER BACHE'S RECITAL.—The act of homage which Mr Walter Bache annually pays to his revered master, the Abbé Franz Liszt, is almost touching in its earnestness. Taking no heed to the desire of the greater musical community, Mr Bache sedulously applies himself to the task of pleasing those who, like himself, are for certain and inexplicable reasons enamoured of the music of this

peculiarly erratic musician. Appealing, as he does, to the limited few, Mr Bache evidently possesses the courage of his opinions, and is anxious to do his best towards furthering the general recognition of his preceptor as a great power in music. Unfortunately, it happens on occasions that some of the intellect peep in at these honorific entertainments, and the result to them is not unalloyed joy. To pianists who deem the highest province of a composer to be the providing of tortuous difficulties for the soloist, whence he may extricate himself according to his ability, but with no thought or heed to the sensibilities of his hearers, Liszt's music may be welcome; but to those who wish to hold their audience with the spell and fascination of melodious utterance, his works will be at a discount. Music never can become one of the abstruse sciences, for the very reason that when it loses its universal charm, and degenerates into a mere exercise of ingenuity, it is doomed to perish. How often must it be insisted upon that in music, of all the arts, the sense of beauty must be predominant? Unhappily, there was no beauty to be discovered in the programme which Mr Bache presented at St James's Hall, and we fear that he has made no new converts to his own way of thinking. Commencing with a singularly hideous prelude and fugue on the theme expressed (in the German notation) by the name of Bach, the programme followed on with the inchoate assortment of phrases known as the Sonata in B minor (dedicated to Robert Schumann); followed, after an interlude of song, by two Etudes, dedicated to E. Liszt; "Paysage"—a study described as "*d'Éclosion transcendante*"; "Sonetto di Petrarca," "Valse Oubliée," and "Pester Carneval" (Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 9). To deal with these various pieces in *extenso* would be superfluous; enough that Mr Bache, who has seldom played with more precision, did his utmost to render them acceptable, and was successful in obtaining the applause of those present whose ideas were in accord with the spirit of his theme. Liszt's two songs, "Die Drei Zigeuner" and "In Liebeslust," were delivered with artistic grace and finish by Mr Arthur Oswald, to the pianoforte accompaniment of Mr Bache.—Standard.

At the Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden Theatre last week's classical night included Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas* overture, the Entr'acte from Wagner's *Lohengrin*, the *Danse des Sylphes* from Berlioz's *Faust* music, and Haydn's *Surprise* symphony. Mme Ida Bloch played one movement of Beethoven's concerto in C minor. The other solo performers were Mr Howard Reynolds (cornet) and Mr Viotti Collins (violin). Vocal pieces were contributed by Mlle Elly Warnots and Mr Abercrombie. A selection of patriotic music was given on the following night in honour of the Prince of Wales's birthday, and on Saturday a selection of "Military" Music was the attraction. On Wednesday last the programme consisted of Beethoven's *Leonora* overture and the Pastoral Symphony; Rameau's "Rigaudon de Dardanus"; the *romance and rondo* from Chopin's Concerto in E minor (pianoforte, Miss Maggie Okey) and the *andante and finale* from Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto (magnificently played by Mr J. T. Carrodus), the vocal pieces being Haydn's "Spirit song" (Mme Enriquez), Lotti's "Pur dicesti" (Mlle Elly Warnots), and Schumann's "Two Grenadiers" (Mr Henry Pyatt). The second part began with a selection from Gounod's *Faust*, and concluded with the same composer's grand march from his opera *La Reine de Saba*.

THE BRINSMEAD CONCERTS.—One of the series of concerts announced to be given in London and the provinces by Messrs Brinsmead & Sons, in aid of the foundation and endowment of the Royal College of Music, came off at St. James's Hall on Thursday evening before a large and fashionable audience. The programme was modelled on those given by Mr John Boosey at his London Ballad Concerts, and consequently attracted all classes of ballad lovers. The singers were Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Herbert Reeves, Signor Foli, and Mr Barrington Foote; Miss Anna Williams and Mme Patey, assisted by the London Vocal Union under the direction of Mr Frederick Walker. Mr Sims Reeves was in excellent voice, singing Berthold Tours' setting of "Stars of the Summer Night" so much to the delight of his audience that he was compelled to return to the platform three times to bow his acknowledgments, and after "Tom Bowling" the applause was so constant and hearty that he was under the necessity of giving "The Bay of Biscay" as a return for the compliment paid him. Mr Herbert Reeves was cordially applauded after his tasteful rendering of "Kathleen Mavourneen," as well as after his own pleasing ballad, "Flowers of Memory." Signor Foli was "to the fore," giving (one verse only!) "Qui sdegno" (*Il Flauto Magico*), with such effect that he was obliged to repeat it, as well as a military song, "Death or Glory" (accompanied by its composer, Signor Tito Mattei). Mme Patey was in great favour, being "called" after Gounod's "Golden Thread," and treating the audience to "The Minstrel Boy" on being encored in "The Soldier's Tear." Miss Anna Williams's contributions were "The

Worker" (Gounod) and "Clover Blossoms" (Frank Moir); Mr Barrington Foote's, an Italian *aria* by Righini, "Three Merry Men" by Molloy, and, with Mr Herbert Reeves, the "Invocation" from Gounod's opera, *Cinq Mars*. The instrumentalists were Herr Poznanski (violin), and Chevalier Antoine de Kontski (pianoforte). Herr Poznanski played a "Rhapsodie Hongroise" by Hauser (accompanied by the Chevalier de Kontski), exhibiting a fine tone and perfect command over his instrument, receiving at the conclusion of his performance a hearty and deserved "call." The Chevalier de Kontski is well known as a virtuoso of powerful acquirements. He played on the occasion under notice Weber's pianoforte Sonata in A flat, and was twice called at the conclusion. He afterwards gave a Minuet and Valse of his own composition, in both of which he exhibited his powers to advantage. The London Vocal Union sang Cooke's "Strike the Lyre," "The long day closes" (Sullivan), Otto's "Pretty Maiden," and Hatton's "When evening twilight." The vocal music was accompanied by Mr Sidney Naylor in perfection, and the concert altogether gave general satisfaction.

At a meeting of the Balloon Society of Great Britain held on Friday evening last at the Royal Aquarium, Mr Etherington Hay Kendall delivered a lecture on the "History of English Opera." Herr Schubert, the chairman, in introducing Mr Kendall, stated that he (the chairman), although only recently elected a member of the Society, had watched with great interest its proceedings, and that he considered the regular lectures delivered every Friday not only interesting, but at the same time highly instructive. Mr Kendall in his lecture described the different stages of English opera, drawing a comparison between the English and Italian schools. The illustrations he gave included music composed by the earliest masters, commencing with Purcell and ending with Balfe. After the lecture a discussion followed in which Captain Molesworth, the chairman of the Aquarium Company; Captain Hobson, the manager; Captain Carteret de Bisson, Mr Lefevre, the President, and several others took part. A vote of thanks to the lecturer and chairman brought the proceedings to a close.

PROVINCIAL.

CORK (from a correspondent).—The first concert this season by the Orchestral Union took place, before a large and fashionable audience, at the Assembly Rooms on Saturday night last; but why an evening so inconvenient to many should be chosen was not explained. The *pièce de résistance* was a "Grand Triumphant March," composed by Mr Ringrose Atkins, the conductor, who has already gained distinction as a musician of ability. The march was first performed at Colchester, and the success which greeted its production was a guarantee of an enthusiastic reception in its composer's native city. Mrs Stevenson and Mr G. Waters gave a Barcarolle (Gounod), and met with well-merited applause. Mr Waters also gave "Alla stella confidente," to the violoncello accompaniment of Mr W. Harrington. Mrs Laurie's singing of Henry Smart's "Lady of the Lea" was very effective, as also her rendering of "A Bird in the Hand." Mr H. P. Hewitt, who was in splendid voice, gave "I am Waiting," and would, no doubt, have been compelled to repeat it but for the notice on the programme that no "encores" could be accorded to, in consequence of the great length of the programme. This opening concert of the season is a good augury of the future, and it is a matter of congratulation that an early date—the 19th December—is fixed for a similar treat under the same auspices.—The Cork Musical Society's first concert this season is fixed for December 12th, when a selection from Sir Michael Costa's *Naaman* will be given for the first time in Cork.—Mr C. Bernard's *Cloches de Corneville* company, with Sheil Barry as the Miser, has been drawing crowded audiences at the Theatre Royal and Operahouse, Cork, during the past week.—J. F. M. C.

WORCESTER.—If there is one reason more than another for indulging in a feeling of gratification at the re-opening of the Public Hall, after restoration and enlargement, it is that the opportunity is again afforded of listening to the high class concerts which are so distinguishing a feature in the social life of the "faithful city." "Mr Spark's concerts" had become an established institution prior to the destruction of the Music Hall by fire, and, being necessarily suspended, their resumption is viewed with satisfaction. The first of the series of three concerts took place on Thursday evening, Nov. 9, and passed off successfully. The artists were Mme Marie Roze, Miss Damian, Messrs D'Arcy Ferris, Bywater, Thurley Beale, Ffrench Davis (harpist), and Herr Volkmann (pianist and conductor). Most of these are favourably known here, and their re-appearance last night served to strengthen the good opinion which they already enjoyed. Especially was this so with respect to Mme Roze. This lady first appeared here at one of Mr Spark's concerts a few years

since, and on the occasion under notice she was listened to with pleasure, being called upon to repeat all her songs, among which were "Robert toi que j'aime," the *Miserere* from *Il Trovatore* (with Mr Bywater); and "Lovers' Vows," from Benedict's *Graziella*. The arrangements for the comfort of the audience were, as usual at Mr Spark's concerts, excellent. The hall, being as yet undecorated, would have presented a somewhat bare appearance but for an extensive display of plants and shrubs from Mr Haywood's establishment, which Mr J. H. White had tastefully disposed on the platform and in other parts of the hall. The next concert will take place on Thursday, November 30.

BARNES.—At the concert given in connection with the Cleveland Cricket Club, several well-known artists, as well as some members of the Savage Club, volunteered their services. Miss Louise Moody, Mrs Shipway, Miss Lillie Albrecht, Messrs T. Drew, Soden, Campbell, and Fleming Norton were among those who "assisted." Mrs Shipway gave the old song "Callers Herring," accompanied by Mr Drew, remarkably well; Mr Fleming Norton had to repeat Lover's song, "The Whistling Thief," and Mr Soden gave two of his own poems, "William Westlake's Drive" and "The obstinate Monarch." Miss Lillie Albrecht's contributions were Raff's "Tambourin," a "Scotch Fantasia," and her own composition, "La Consolation" (for the left hand), which was a remarkable display, meeting with hearty applause, and about the performance of which a contemporary observes: "Excepting as a *tour de force*, I can see no purpose in playing music with one hand; but it may be averred that had Miss Albrecht been deprived by nature of one of those useful members she need not entirely have forgone the practice of her instrument for the satisfaction of pleasing others."

SCHUBERT'S SEVENTH SYMPHONY.

The *Standard*, with reference to the filling up the score of Schubert's Symphony in E major, by Mr John Francis Barnett, has the following:—

"It will strike some people as being an evidence of self-confidence on the part of Mr J. F. Barnett that he should attempt to complete what Schubert left uncompleted. Mr Arthur Sullivan, it is true, once took the same task in hand, but abandoned it after a while. Those who have seen the MS. of the score, will, however, understand that no able musician need be ashamed of filling in the instrumentation. The Symphony is there complete in sketch from the first bar to the last. The Introduction and part of the *allegro* are fully scored, but after the 110th bar Schubert proceeded simply to draw in his work in outline. The time-measure and the signatures of all the instruments are written at the beginning of each movement, and there is not one bar entirely vacant. Mr Barnett has in reality but little to superadd to what already exists, and that he will do this in a musician-like manner, and with a reverent feeling for the spirit of the master, may readily be believed. Here arises no question of interference with a musician's expressed intention, such as we behold only too frequently in re-arrangements of compositions, the matter at issue simply being whether the world is to be denied the pleasure of listening to another symphony by Schubert merely because he only indicated the nature of the score instead of completing the instrumentation."

Mendelssohn once entertained the idea of completing the score, but soon abandoned it. The same idea was entertained by Arthur Sullivan, who also ultimately gave it up. Abbé Liszt might also have had similar givings, dissolved in process of time, amid intense and goulsh cravings. At any rate, the directors of the Crystal Palace are lucky in escaping Franz, and stumbling upon John Francis, whose shoulders will bear any weight, and who is much more unassuming and discreet. In any case the thing must be a curiosity.—G. B.

LEIPSIK.—At the fourth concert of the Leipzig Gewandhaus, Robert Volkmann's Symphony in B flat was performed for the first time.* Henri Petri played Beethoven's Violin Concerto, and Schröder-Hanfstängel was the singer. The first piece in the programme was Niels W. Gade's *Nachklänge von Ossian*. The fifth concert opened with Beethoven's overture, *Coriolan*; Marie Krebs played the same master's Pianoforte Concerto in the Symphony in D (without a minuet). Songs were given by Paul Jensen. Rubinstein's *Maccabæer*, as was the case in Berlin, seems, after all, to have been but half a success.

* Surely, Mr Manns, this must be better music than that of Liszt and his followers, even including Smetana?—Dr Blüthge.

DR GARRETT AND HIS SHUNAMMITE.

Dr Garrett is a man who has not written largely, but his efforts have been so much esteemed that the Cambridge authorities have conferred upon him the honorary degree of M.A., as well as that of Doctor in Music, which he obtained by fair trial. *The Shunammite* is a tempting subject, and may well invite the attention of musicians eager to obtain distinction. I fear, however, that Dr Garrett's work suffers on account of the libretto being chosen by the composer. It is all very well to countenance Wagner's theory that the inspiration of music and poetry should and, in fact, must be simultaneous, but when it comes to the compilation of an oratorio, or other sacred work, inspiration is heavily handicapped. Fashion obtains in most things, and in nothing perhaps more markedly than in books arranged for illustration by sacred music. In the first place, a simple, comprehensible story is taken, and then it becomes the acknowledged duty of the librettist to intersperse the pure narrative with as many reflective observations as can possibly be dragged in. Sometimes the reflections are not apposite, but this does not deter the musician from accepting them for sterling value. He requires contrast, and gets it. People who listen to the finished product lose the thread of the argument, no doubt, but the author does not care. In the cantata of *The Shunammite* the simplest possible legend is narrated. The Shunammite woman has a son, who dies of sunstroke in the harvest field. By the intercession of Elisha he is restored to life. Why will not composers learn the force of direct narrative? Reflective numbers are all very well, and if properly introduced they are like marks of punctuation in a sentence; but a simple story, simply told, is a more powerful emotional agent than any complex arrangement of facts and commentaries. There is no immediate necessity to give a detailed account of Dr Garrett's work—in fact, a few general observations will suffice to deal with the entire production. Happier in his choruses than his solo numbers, Dr Garrett exhibits a lively appreciation of the school which confesses allegiance to Mendelssohn, and has nothing whatever to do with the hideous cacophony which modern Germans would persuade us to receive as absolute music. Nothing particularly new is taught us in *The Shunammite*, but every effect gained is reached by legitimate means; the choruses are bright and telling, and if the solos are of diminished interest, it only instances the difficulty of writing arias in the devotional style—a difficulty experienced by even greater musicians than Dr Garrett. The opening chorus, "Praise the Lord," and the melodious "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers," will dwell without doubt in the minds of those who were present in the Cathedral to-day; while the entire work will be remembered with a sense of gratification. I fancy that *The Shunammite* ought to become popular with choral societies, because it is distinctly interesting, and calls for nothing beyond ordinary means of exposition. There is one chorus in particular, "Call for the mourning women," enough to prove that the author is a man of more than ordinary mind and faculty.

D. L. R.

THE MUSICIANS' EXCHANGE, BERLIN.—Anyone requiring musicians, from an entire orchestra down to a pianist, may always get what he wants by applying, orally or by letter, to the Musicians' Exchange. This Exchange is held every day from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m., at a restaurant's in the Johannisstrasse, and is attended by hundreds of would-be "professionals." It has its fixed laws. Established in 1869 by the Association of Berlin Musicians, it is managed by a committee according to certain rules. This committee apportions the orders received and sees that the normal tariff is maintained. The latter is remarkable at giving only the minimum terms, for less than which no member may play. Ball-music, for instance, is paid, on festival days, 9 marks to each performer; on Sundays, 7 marks, 50; and, on week days, 6 marks; at grand ministerial and ambassadorial balls, each performer receives 9 marks for four hours, and 1 mark, 50, for every extra hour; rehearsals are paid 3 marks; dinner-music without dancing, 5 marks; with dancing, 9 marks, &c. The Exchange is held only for the members of the Association of Berlin Musicians, who number 700. The grand total of musical performers in the Prussian capital amounts to about 3,000, including 500 who have other callings and take part in musical entertainments only as an extra source of income. The Association possesses a capital of 30,000 marks, and pays annually from 600 to 1,000 for the relief of members in distress. As a rule, Berlin is well supplied with musicians—nay, people sometimes complain of their being too numerous. But on New Year's Eve and at Shrovetide, as well as on certain festivals of less importance, anybody capable of playing an instrument—string or wind—is pressed into the service. On extraordinary occasions—triumphal entrances and such like—the neighbouring districts, far and wide, are laid under contribution. Such lucky days are, however, rare in the life of a musician.—*Fremdenblatt*.

FROM GÖRLITZ.

(Correspondence.)

At the Silesian Musical Festival, held in Görlitz, the works of importance selected by the Committee (proprietors of the spacious "Festival Hall,") are Handel's "Ode on St Cecilia's Day" and Mendelssohn's *Paulus*, both possibly fixed upon in order to attract the attention of disciples of the "advanced" school, one of whose chief recommendations would seem to be inability to compose fugues, and another disdain of rhythmic melody. These enthusiastic gentlemen cannot be likened to the pre-Raphaelites of another art, setting up as they do a claim to be regarded as post-Beethovenites. It is much of a muchness, however, one affectation being as notable as the other.

"OUT OF TOWN."

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—It is not often that Yorkshire singers are readily or easily pleased with new choral works of any description, and especially if they have not a smack at least of that strength and solidity always to be found in the choruses of their favourite, Handel. I have often been intensely amused to listen to the honest, outspoken criticisms of our Northern vocalists after "working hard" for an hour or two over some new work; for be it remembered that no amount of cajolery or blandiloquence will induce a genuine Yorkshire singer to give up his own independent notion of what he likes or dislikes, and, if rejoicing in a deep bass voice, he generally delivers himself of his opinion in the lower part of his register, sometimes in a style rather more pungent than polite. Knowing this, I was a little curious to hear what a party of chorus singers, who I invited to my house to try over some novel productions, would say about what I thought a capital and interesting work by our old friend Walter Maynard, entitled "Out of Town." Both words and music are to my mind remarkably cheerful, happy and melodious; whilst the quotation of themes from Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*, Mendelssohn's *Notturmo*, and *The Clown's Song*, from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," &c., display tact, taste, and talent of a high order. Those who may desire something new in part-music will here find it, and I hope they will thank me for having directed their attention to a work which is, both in conception and execution, novel, interesting, and remarkably effective. Our "Leeds loiners" were very decided in their expressions of approval after having sung over all the eight numbers, the principal *basso profundo* declaring in loud low notes, that "it wore best thing o' the sort he'd heard for a while, and he saw nowt to find fault with all round t' shop!"—yours faithfully,

WM. SPARK.

Newton Park, Leeds, Nov. 15, 1882.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Will you allow me, with reference to "O. L.'s" letter in your issue of the 11th inst. regarding the music at theatres, to state that ever since I held the post of *chef d'orchestre* at the Court Theatre, I have, I believe, effected the very change your correspondent advocates. The works performed between the acts are all chosen from the classical repertoire exclusively, and I am glad to state that the attention of the public, although it is not quite what it might be, yet is very much greater than what is generally bestowed upon the *entr'acte* music at theatres.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

C. ARMBRUSTER,
Musical Director, Court Theatre.

16, Queen's Road, Bayswater. Nov. 14, 1882.

THE BALFE MEMORIAL IN DUBLIN.—A surplus having remained after defraying the expenses of the Balfé memorial bust, placed in the National Gallery in Dublin, it was resolved at the final meeting of the subscribers to entrust its appropriate application to a sub-committee, consisting of Sir T. A. Jones, president, R.H.A.; Messrs Henry Doyle, C.B., Michael Gunn, and Hercules Macdonnell, J.P. They accordingly now offer a "Balfé Memorial Prize" of £10 for the best ballad with English words, to be composed by a native of Ireland whose age on the 1st of January, 1883, shall not exceed 21 years. Mr H. Macdonnell, of 4, Roby-place, Kingstown, has undertaken the duties of secretary in the matter, and will answer all inquiries. A very fine photograph of the Balfé Memorial in Westminster Abbey has been prepared by Mr David Hains, of 28, Upper Phillimore Place, Kensington, a young artist, who is making rapid strides towards perfection, and who already has taken a high rank among the *élite* of his profession.

EXCERPTS FROM PARKE'S MUSICAL MEMOIRS.

EXCERPT No. 5.

1786.

(Continued from page 639.)

Salomon gave six subscription concerts in Hanover Square, the first of which took place on the 2nd of March; Mdme Mara, Miss Chenu, and Mr Harrison were the singers. Two new French horn players, Messrs Palsa and Thurshmit, who had only played previously at the Anacreontic Society, made their first appearance in public in a concertante for that instrument. The most striking part of their exhibition was their horns, which were made of silver.

At Covent Garden Theatre Mrs Billington, who had been performing with success on the Dublin stage, made her *début* on the London boards, on the 13th of February, as Rosetta, in the opera of *Love in a village*. She sang the songs of Rosetta in a different style to that which the public had been accustomed to hear, and although she had not had much experience, she gave them with such sweetness, taste, and brilliancy, that the audience, who were both surprised and delighted, bestowed on her unbounded applause.

Amongst the friends of Mr Harris, the proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre, none was more intimate with him than Mr Hugh Dives, who was a man of fortune, and had been an officer in the guards. Mr George Dives, his brother, was also acquainted with Mr Harris. Mr Hugh Dives was so much attached to the theatre, wherein he had embarked a few thousands, that he was seldom out of it during the season of its being open; and having the free use of Mr Harris's private box and the green room, a night or morning scarcely passed without his visiting them. These two brothers were of very different dispositions, Mr George Dives being polite and good-humoured, while Mr Hugh Dives was rude and ill-tempered. One morning, during the rehearsal of the before-mentioned opera, Mr George Dives, being in search of his brother, and conceiving that he was in the green-room, proceeded thither, where, being informed that he had just left, he, on his return over the stage to follow him, said to the elder Bannister—"Mr Bannister, have you seen my brother cross?" "Sir," said Bannister, "I never saw him otherwise!"

Six oratorios were given this season for the first time, by command of their Majesties, on the six Fridays in Lent, at the Tottenham Street Rooms, under the same direction and the same regulations as the concerts of ancient music. They commenced on Friday, the 1st of March. Mdme Mara, Mr Harrison, and Mrs Billington were the principal singers. The oratorios at Drury Lane Theatre, conducted by Dr Arnold, commenced on the same evening with *The Messiah*. The singers were Messrs Reinhold, Bellamy, jun., Mrs Forster, and Miss George. At the end of the first act I performed a concerto on the oboe. The leader was Mr Shaw. During the third night's performance, owing to the negligence of the carpenters of the theatre, who erected the orchestra on the stage, an alarming accident happened between the second and third acts of the oratorio. The upper tier, on which were stationed the trumpets, French horns, bassoons, and kettledrums, suddenly gave way, and the performers who were on it were precipitated down a descent of fourteen feet; but fortunately no one was seriously injured. Nelson, the pompous kettle-drummer, who had escaped unhurt, strutting about with his usual dignity, said to those who lay sprawling on the floor, "Gentlemen! if any of you have broken a limb, make yourself perfectly easy, for Mr Pott, the celebrated surgeon, is in the pit." The following day I met Hook the composer, who had witnessed the accident. In speaking of it he said, in his whimsical manner, "When it happened I was astonished, for I had never even heard of an oratorio with *tumbling* between the acts!"

A new comic opera was produced at Covent Garden Theatre on the 8th of March, called *The Fair Peruvian*. The overture and music were by Mr Hook. In this piece Mrs Billington, whose powers were now considerably developed, sang two airs with such uncommon effect, that the audience were quite enthusiastic in the applause they gave her. "In the overture," says a critic, "the second movement was *obligato* for the pianoforte (played on that night by the composer, Mr Hook) and the oboe. Young Parke (W. T. Parke), in the oboe part, displayed a sweet, flexible tone, and great taste and feeling."

On one of the nights this opera was announced to be performed the sudden indisposition of Mrs Billington compelled Mr Harris, the manager, to change the play, there not being any lady in the theatre who could undertake her character. This unavoidable circumstance occasioned a tumult amongst the audience, which raged with violence. Charles Bannister, the excellent bass singer, being on the stage during its acme, was desired by the manager, from the side-scenes, to address the audience. Bannister, who was more remarkable for his wit than his eloquence, was instantly seized with that

sort of tremor which generally fastens on persons, when, by some sudden transition, the association of ideas is disturbed; and, reluctantly approaching the foot-lamps at the front of the stage, said, in the true phraseology of a licensed victualler, "Ladies and gentlemen, what will you please to have?" "A pot of porter," vociferated a fellow in the gallery, "for this place is as hot as hell!" This reply was instantly succeeded by a general laugh, which, turning the tide of disapprobation, the actors were permitted to go through the play without further interruption.

Ranelagh Gardens opened on the seventeenth of April with a grand concert of vocal and instrumental music, patronized by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

(To be continued.)

WAIFS.

Wagner is in Venice where he will spend the winter.

The Teatro Rossini, Venice, has re-opened with *Faust*.

Palminteri's new opera, *Arrigo II. at Voghera*, is still running.

The Teatro Andreani, Mantua, will shortly open for buffo-opera.

The new Theatre, Vigo, was inaugurated with Donizetti's *Polito*.

The new Theatre, Brunn, was opened on the 5th inst. with *Egmont*.

Power, the Spanish pianist, has been playing in Malaga and Granada.

Artôt-Padilla and Husband are about to undertake a concert tour in Russia.

The Brooklyn (U.S.) Philharmonic has just completed its twenty-fifth year.

Max Bruch's *Odysseus* has been performed by the Bach Association, Hanover.

There has been a third *Nibelungen* "Cyclus" at the Victoria Theatre, Berlin.

Aramburo, the tenor, has returned from Barcelona, and was a few days since in Milan.

Grammann's opera, *Thunelda*, has been performed at the Stadt-theater, Königsberg.

Franz Rummel, the pianist, will shortly make a concert tour in Germany and Russia.

Carl Formes has been giving singing lessons in San Francisco, but is now in New York.

Theodore Thomas, with his orchestra, is to give six classical concerts in Philadelphia.

Robaudi's *B-rasgliere in Crimea* is not, as erroneously stated, an opera, but merely a song.

Planquette's *Rip Van Winkle* was to be produced for the first time in New York on the 28th ult.

According to the *Guide Musical*, Anton Rubinstein has entirely lost the sight of his right eye.

Kaschmann, the baritone, is engaged to sing in *Simon Boccanegra* at the Teatro Costanzi, Rome.

The Teatro Alfieri, Turin, is to be lighted by electricity; so is the Teatro Cannobiana, Milan.

Mdme Chatterton-Bohrer and Miss Henrietta Beebe have arranged a concert-tour in the "States."

Gayarre is singing at the San Carlo, Lisbon, where he was lately much applauded in *La Favorita*.

Heinrich Hofmann's new lyric opera, *Aennchen von Tharau*, has been well received in Magdeburgh.

Dvorák's opera, *Der Bauer ein Schelm*, is accepted at the Stadt-theater of Leipsic and Hamburg.

The Teatro Goldoni, Leghorn, now undergoing extensive repairs, is expected to re-open in February.

According to all accounts, *Les Huguenots* was never before given in Rome so well as at the Teatro Costanzi.

Brindis de Salas, a black violinist, gave two concerts in Stuttgart. He intends making a tour through Germany.

David Popper, violoncellist, Emile Sauret, violinist, and C. Stasny, pianist, are giving concerts in Madrid.

Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*, with a cast including Donadio and M. Lhérie, has been well received in Barcelona.

The season at the Teatro Argentina, Rome, was brought, some little time since, to a sudden and unexpected close.

Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony" was included in the programme of the third Concert du Châtelet, Paris.

Mdme Etelka Gerster's two concerts in the Winter Garden of the Central Hotel, Berlin, attracted very large audiences.

The Italian opera company now at the Teatro de la Alhambra, Madrid, goes shortly to the Teatro San Fernando, Seville.

Rossini's magnificent *Semiramide*, with the Sisters Ravogli, has been performed at the Teatro del Buen Retiro, Barcelona.

A performance in aid of the sufferers by the inundations in Italy was recently given by the members of the Cerele Philharmonique, Brussels.

Bianca Donadio is announced for four nights with the Tamberlik company at Malaga, the opera selected for her first appearance being *Il Barbiere*.

Ercole Cuttica, a young tenor, who lately sang with much success at the Teatro Argentina, Rome, is engaged at the Teatro dei Fiorentini, Naples.

The Legia Choral Society, (Liège), lately sang for the first time a chorus, "Le Chant des Vagues," written expressly for them by François Riga.

After having sung at Hamburg, Rostock, Stralsund, and Greifswald, Mdme Amalie Joachim visits Gottingen, Munster, and the Rhine Provinces.

Strauss's *Lustiger Krieg* has been performed, for the first time in Italy, at the Teatro Tomaso Salvini, Florence, by Freund's German buffo-opera company.

Mr Frederic Archer is announced to give a series of *Matinées d'Orgue* at Chickering Hall, New York, on the 24th inst., the 1st, 8th, and 15th December.

The Subscription Concerts of the Ducal Orchestra, Meiningen, are this year under the direction of the new *Hofcapellmeister*, Professor Franz Mannstædt.

A new three-act comic opera, *Das Geheimniss der Fürstin*, will be produced at the Carltheater, Vienna. The music is by Herr Löw, formerly conductor there.

The directors of the New York Oratorio Society state that if Mdme Albani visits the "Empire City" this season, she will certainly sing at their concerts.

A performance of Anton Rabinstein's sacred opera, *Das verlorene Paradies*, under the direction of Herr Volkland, will be given at the beginning of January in Basle.

Von Bignio, barytone of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, has accepted an engagement of several years, commencing next season, at the National Theatre, Pesth.

Hector Berlioz's *Damnation de Faust*, with Minnie Hauk, Ravelli, and Franz Remmert as principal singers, was to be given by the Symphony Society of New York.

A new comic opera, *La Cour d'Amour*, music by Hubans, will be produced in Brussels, at the Théâtre de l'Alcazar, now under the management of Mad. Olga Léaut.

Mr Henry R. A. Robinson, of the Royal Academy of Music, is appointed under-Secretary to the Philharmonic Society, Mr Henry Hersee retaining his post as principal.

The *Queen's Pilgrimage*, a comic opera, by Richard Henneberg, has been given at the Theatre Royal, Stockholm, where the composer, a native of Berlin, is conductor.

"No vehicle drawn by more than one animal is allowed to cross this bridge in opposite directions at the same time"; so runs a notice posted on a bridge at Providence, U. S.

L'Africaine has been given very effectively at the Teatro Real, Madrid, the principal parts being sustained by Theodorini, Masini, Pandolfini, and Nannetti, with Goula as conductor.

Johann Strauss has decided that his new buffo opera, *Eine Nacht in Venedig*, shall be first produced at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater, Berlin, under his personal direction.

In consequence of the impression created by her in *Linda di Chamounix* at the Teatro Niccolini, Florence, the contralto, Frède, is engaged to appear in *La Favorita* at the Teatro Nuovo in the same city.

It is said that an oratorio by a young and rising composer has been accepted for production at M. Pasdeloup's Concerts, Paris, and that, with M. Vaucorbeil's permission, Mdme Richard will take part in the performance.

The operatic company at the new Casino, Nice, includes sopranos: Fouquet, Griswold; mezzo-sopranos and contraltos: De Belocca, Scholer; tenors: Frapoli, Durot; baritones: Athos, Frabadelo; basses: Gailhard, Arzilli; buffo: Carbone.

"Nothing," says the *American Bulletin*, "annoys the keeper of a railway restaurant more than for one customer to ask in a rather loud voice of another: 'Have they ever tried plating war-ships with this kind of sandwiches?'" (Équissime!—Dr Blügel.)

Mdme Marie Roze has returned to town from her successful concert tour, and is announced to join the Carl Rosa Opera Company at Newcastle-on-Tyne, on Monday next. Mdme Roze will make her *entrée* as Fidelio, in Beethoven's great opera, a character in which she has already been received with signal favour in many of the principal towns.

Mr Irving will open in New York as Matthias in *The Bells*, and the choice is approved by competent American judges who know the stages of both countries. I should have fancied that *Charles I.* was a better play in which to make a *début*, but it is thought by those able to give useful advice that the great actor's peculiar powers are best displayed in the melodrama. When Mr Irving arrives in New York, by the way, it is tolerably certain that he will not ask a band to play "Yankee Doodle" under the impression that it is the American national anthem, and that to beg for its performance is a compliment. Mrs Langtry, who did this, should have been better advised.—*Sporting and Dramatic News.*

WHERE ARE THEY?

TRIO.

(From "Switzerland"—a new Cantata.)

Where are they, where are they	Wailing echoes—ye return
Whom when o'er the seas we pass'd	The question back again to me;
We had hop'd to meet to-day	Ye too sent our friends to mourn,
Where we lov'd and left them last?	As those we ne'er again may see.
Flowers and breezes, rocks and rills,	Then seek your caves and sleep ye on
Echoes of the mountain way.	Till other friends, now far away,
Tell us from your home of hills	Shall ask ye, when we too are gone,
Where are they, where are they?	Where are they, where are they?
Where are they?	Where are they?

W. G.

GRATZ.—G. Nottebohm, well known for his writings in connection with music, especially his *Mozartiana* and *Beethoveniana*, died on the 1st inst., aged about 65. His friend, Johannes Brahms, was with him at the time of his decease.

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